

HONEYMOON FIT MARRIED HIS LIFE, SAYS BRIDEGROOM

Fair Bride's Epileptic Seizure
in Atlantic City Hotel
Chilled His Love.

WANTS KNOT UNTIED.

Refusal to Give Up Money
Alleged by Mrs. Wiener as
Real Reason for Suit.

There was a lump in Joseph Wiener's throat that almost choked him to-day, when he told Supreme Court Justice Davis that his wife, Sadie, was afflicted with epilepsy and he wanted his marriage to be annulled. From a far corner of the court-room, Mrs. Wiener glared at him angrily. It was not epileptic fits that had caused Wiener's love to grow cold, she said later; it was simply because she had more money and wouldn't let him get his hands on it.

Wiener claimed he was "tricked" into marriage. He declared he was devoted to his wife until he discovered she had epilepsy. He had heard something to that effect before the marriage, he said, but she always denied it.

Says Fit Shattered Bliss.
The wedding was solemnized May 9, 1909, and the couple went to Atlantic City for their honeymoon. After the first week, Mrs. Wiener had a fit in the lobby of a hotel, according to Wiener, and this long, lingering fit shattered his future.

Wiener has a delicatessen store at No. 23 West One Hundred and Sixteenth street. Prior to her marriage Mrs. Wiener was Miss Powell. Since she and Wiener parted, a week after their marriage, she has been living with her mother on Riverside Drive. Wiener is thirty-two years old and she is twenty-nine.

In his complaint Wiener alleged he would never have married Miss Powell if she had not falsely represented to him that she was not afflicted with epilepsy. He said he learned since he married her that she has been subject to frequent attacks of epilepsy since she was eleven years old.

Money Shy, Says Bride.
Mrs. Wiener denied her husband's charges and asked that his suit be dismissed. She declared he had taken \$2,500 from her, which she never returned, and that his only grievance is he couldn't get more money from her.

Counsel for Wiener contended that epilepsy is an incurable disease, and for that reason his client is entitled to an annulment of his marriage. He said he would produce witnesses who would testify that Mrs. Wiener has been afflicted since she was a little girl.

WHO HIT MICHAEL MORAN?
He Blames Snow Contractor's Son and Says Him.

Somebody pushed Michael Moran into a cellar way one cold morning in February, 1907, up in Harlem, where Michael went to help Contractor William Bradley remove snow from the city's streets.

He told Justice Goff to-day that Frank Bradley, the contractor's son, was the man who "let his fist go" at him. Moran is suing Bradley for \$5,000 for personal injuries.

"I was there with my shovel, ready to do my part as had been agreed between us," said Michael. "I was standing in line when Bradley came up, shoved me or pushed me, and then hit me. Down I went into a cellar. Two men picked me up and took me to my home on One Hundred and Twenty-second street. Next day I went to Harlem Hospital. The doctors plastered my body with bandages. They stuck on, Judge, until they fell off themselves, so they did."

Bradley's defense is that Moran has mistaken his identity. He says he wasn't near Moran that morning and doesn't know anything of Moran's hurts until the complainant's case was filed.

COUPLE COMMIT SUICIDE.

Man and Woman Kill Themselves Together by Gas in Camden.

CAMDEN, N. J., Dec. 14.—Mrs. Nettie Hall, twenty-eight years old, of this city and George Newcomb, thirty, of No. 23 Highland avenue, Highlandtown, Baltimore, committed suicide by inhaling gas in an apartment house in this city some time during last night or this morning. The bodies were found to-day, when the landlady, Mrs. Florence Roberts, detected the smell of gas.

Mrs. Hall went to the house a week ago and engaged a room. Last evening at 6 o'clock she was joined by Newcomb. Nothing was seen of either after that time. On the bureau they placed a sheet of paper containing their names and addresses.

Morris Hall, husband of the dead woman, is an employee of the Public Service Corporation in this city.

Here's Another:
Traveller: How far is it to town, sir, if I keep going straight ahead?

Farmer: I think it's about 25,000 miles if ye keep goin' straight ahead, but it's only about two miles if ye turn aroun' an' go the other way.

For the help you need, for the position you seek, for the lost article you mourn, for the home you covet, for the bargain you long to find,

ARE YOU GOING IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION?
If your "Wanted" advertisement is printed in the Sunday World it will be given a circulation in New York City greater than obtainable through ANY OTHER Sunday newspaper.

World Ads. Are "Short-Cuts" to Success.

No Days Off for Husbands, Says Anti-Alimony Woman Lawyer

They Don't See Enough
of Their Wives Now for
Perfect Comradeship, Is
Assertion of Mrs. Mulliner.

"A Man Knows What's on
His Wife's Head Oftener
Than He Knows What's
Inside It," She Says
Epigrammatically.

By Marguerite Moore Marshall.
Has a husband a right to a day
off?

The name of the rash man who first broached this interesting question is plucked in dusky obscurity. His little booklet, "Happy Holidays for Husbands," remains unpublished. But the names of his feminine opponents are legion, and bright among them all stands that of Mrs. Gabrielle Stewart Mulliner.

I had gone to Mrs. Mulliner rather hoping she would look with favor on this truly novel recipe for how to be happy though a husband. Because, as the "anti-alimony" woman lawyer, she stands in the lot of the American husband in distinct need of alleviation. But she is quite sure "days off" from home and mother—or rather, wife—wouldn't really make him any happier.

"The trouble with the modern unhappy marriage is not that husband and wife see too much of each other, but that they see too little," she began, firmly. "They don't need days off from a too confining companionship. Because they are not companions, in any sense; frequently they are hardly even acquaintances."

Must Know Each Other.
"So very much of married unhappiness is simply the result of misunderstanding. And when people fail to understand each other it's simply because they don't know each other. To know all is to forgive all—or, maybe, to realize that there isn't any necessity for forgiveness."

"But how can a man and woman live in the same house together without knowing each other at least, when the house is the size of an ordinary New York apartment?"

"Why, they do know each other in a certain way," she explained. "If you walk past the Singer Building every morning for a month or a year, you have a certain amount of knowledge of it. But you could hardly draw a map of the inside of it."

"A man knows what's on his wife's head much oftener than he knows what's inside it. A woman knows the size of her husband's shirt; she frequently doesn't know the warmth of the heart beating under them."

"The only way really to know a person is to be with him. Moods and tensions—times—go together in life just as they do in grammar. Every instant two people are together some new phase of each is revealed to the other."

"And you think it wise for married people to reveal themselves completely, each to each?" I queried.

"Why else are they married?" returned Mrs. Mulliner. "Do you know what marriage is? Simply the most beautiful, most sacred chumship in all the world?"

"I've heard it compared to a perfectly cooked dinner repeated every day," I suggested. "And don't you think one appreciates such dinners, all the better for an occasional day off, to sup on spaghetti 'round the corner?"

But Mrs. Mulliner wouldn't admit it, and chose a nice feminine metaphor to confuse me.

"The women who can afford to work—imported—don't mind the time," she replied. "Would find no pleasure in donning a ready-made costume, even for a single hour. With perfection one stops."

Shouldn't Want Holiday.

"Either married people care very much for each other, in which case neither would want to take a holiday from the mutual companionship, or they fancy they do not love, and then they have only the one thing to do, to stay together every available moment in a determined effort to discover the lovable qualities that exist in everybody."

"But don't you believe even the most loving couple might bore each other occasionally?"

"The feeling of boredom between ordinary couples, one might say, in colloquy, is reduced to a minimum. Between husband and wife it is non-existent—or should be, even this optimistic woman had the wisdom to add.

"Besides," she continued, "the natural course of modern life keeps married people apart so much. Once upon a time the husband worked in the garden and the wife hardly ten steps away in the kitchen. Now the husband goes ten miles or so to his city office and the wife remains at home or perhaps goes to an office in the opposite direction. For far more than half of their waking hours the two are necessarily separated. It seems to me that they ought to be able to endure each other's presence the rest of the time."

"But," I still ventured, "can't you imagine either having some individual taste in which the other did not share and?"

"Each will share the other's tastes if they are worthy ones," she retorted inflexibly. "As I said, it's merely a matter of mutual understanding. Love, love me, love my fondness for photography or my partiality to bridge whist. One of the delights of marriage is that it doubles one's interests. No sensible young man or woman permits his faculty of enjoyment to become static. And surely the more one loves a person the more interested one becomes in everything that person finds worth while. No one can possibly be so appreciative of a husband's pursuits as his wife, because no one loves him so much, and vice versa."

"In fact," Mrs. Mulliner concluded, with a confident little laugh, "the really great objection to this plan of holidays for husbands, and conversely, I suppose, for wives, is simply that neither would take them. For, after all, the great majority of American marriages are happy, which is only another way of saying that the great majority of husbands and wives take their days off and days on together."



Mrs. GABRIELLE STEWART MULLINER

CURNEN DOUBTS "LILLY LOVE'S" CRY TO RETURN OFFERS \$700 GEM SHE PICKS UP FOR FIFTY-CENT LOAN

Her Burning Appeals Written
While She Was With Other
Man, Major Believes.

Stair Sweeper Dazed When
Pawnbroker Calls Police to
Trace Diamond.

Love letters teeming with heart throbs and pulsating with passionate protestations of undying love and pleadings to return to his "most penitent, miserable of women, your little Lilly Love," took up the morning session in the suit before Justice Guy in which Mrs. Lillian Cornell Curnen seeks a separation from Major E. V. Curnen, who was attached to Gen. George M. Randall's command in the Spanish war.

Curnen identified the letters, many of which were read during his unsuccessful suit for divorce. Mrs. Curnen, wearing a black velvet pashmina-belt hat which showed her flushed face, asked to read the missives before they were entered in evidence. Frequently the woman's feelings found expression in sobbing spells, during which her daughters, Vera, a beautiful, fashionably dressed young girl, rushed to her mother's side and soothed her.

Counsel for Curnen took up a line of inquiry as to Mrs. Curnen's conduct in New York while the Major was in Boston, after his separation from her. Curnen testified to witnessing his wife leave Central Park in a taxi cab, and that he saw her leave the Hotel Belmont with Coteley.

His lawyer's purpose was to show that during the time Mrs. Curnen's burning letters of love were written she was often in Coteley's company in New York and that her sincerity in writing the letters was questionable.

Curnen's military status interested his wife's counsel when the cross-examination began.

"Two somewhat curious as to whether the witness was a lieutenant, major or colonel in the late war," said Mr. Bouvier.

Curnen started to explain his war record and was as far as his lieutenant's rank in Cuba when Mr. Bouvier interrupted to ask about the "major."

"I ranked as major on Gen. Randall's staff," interrupted the witness.

"That's quite sufficient," concluded the Court. "If the Colonel has been calling his client a colonel, or even a major, I can readily understand his Southern relish of military titles."

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Trial Package
Makes 40 cups**

Salada Tea
Your Grocer Sells It

CLAPP WILL NOT PROSECUTE WIFE FOR SHOOTING HIM

Clubman's Anger Cooling and
Friends Look for a Recon-
ciliation Between Couple.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 14.—Upon the advice of friends, Herbert Mason Clapp, who was shot in the neck after a quarrel with his wife early Monday morning at No. 131 Girard avenue, is said to have made up his mind not to press the charge of attempted murder which he made against Mrs. Clapp after he had been removed from his apartment to St. Joseph's Hospital.

One reason for this determination, it was said yesterday, was that Clapp was unable to present witnesses in support of his accusation, and another reason, according to an intimate friend, was that, no longer in the savage mood in which Magistrate Morris found him, he was yesterday disposed to be forgiving.

This friend asserted that while Clapp still clung to his story of having been deliberately shot by his wife, he seemed to regret that the police had arrested her. This friend predicted that the case will be dropped and there would be a reconciliation.

Magistrate Morris was also disposed to think that the case against Mrs. Clapp would be dropped. "Only Clapp and his wife were present at the time of the shooting," said the Magistrate. "Both told different stories and both are without witnesses to support their statements."

"In addition to this, under the law, a wife cannot testify against her husband and a husband cannot testify against his wife. I will go ahead with the examination when Clapp leaves the hospital, which I understand will be within two weeks, but it does not look as though a case can be made against the woman."

When released on bail Monday night, Mrs. Clapp went to the home of her father, Morton Leakeer, of No. 625 Vine street. She went to the apartment at 131 Girard avenue yesterday, collected her belongings and departed in an automobile to the home of a friend, where, it was explained, she will remain until her troubles are straightened out.

In telling her story of the shooting of her husband to the police, Mrs. Clapp admitted having fired the bullet which entered Clapp's neck. She went into the details of the early morning quarrel, declaring that Clapp acted as though he was out of his mind and that he heaped abuse upon her.

Then, she said, he drew the revolver, which was in a holster hanging from a bedpost. Fearing he would fire the weapon, as she said he had threatened to do, she sprang forward and grappled with him. In the struggle the revolver was discharged, the bullet entering the ceiling. The sound of the shot caused Clapp to release his hold upon the weapon and his wife gained possession of it. Mrs. Clapp said that she fired the second shot with the idea of frightening her husband, but with no intention of wounding him. When he fell to the floor, she said, her only thought was to obtain assistance.

The Difference.
(From the Boston Transcript.)
Wife—John, couldn't you let me have a little money this morning? Bartleigh's is advertising six puffs for a dollar. Hub—Great Scott! And we men can get sixty delicious puffs for 10 cents.

"Could you go as far as 50 cents?" asked Mrs. Polly.
The pawnbroker said he would see, and quickly telephoned to the East Fifth street police station that a woman was offering a wonderfully brilliant diamond, worth \$100, for 50 cents.

Detective Van Twylen hurried to the pawnshop and heard Mrs. Reilly's story of finding the diamond. He went with her to her home and questioned tenants in the house. None of them had lost a diamond. The detectives gave Mrs. Reilly a receipt for the gem and deposited it with the property clerk at Police Headquarters. If no owner is discovered it will become the property of the finder.

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The sacred part of it is PERFECTION plus just enough desire on our part to make you want more of it at some little (deserved) profit to us.

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	at 50c	60c	and 80c	
2 lbs.	\$1.00	\$1.20	\$1.50	ALL PACKED CHOCOLATES OR
3 lbs.	\$1.50	\$1.80	\$2.25	CHOCOLATES AND
5 lbs.	\$2.50	\$3.00	\$3.75	BONBONS, ASSORTED

Our fine boxes of Chocolates and Bonbons are unequalled in style and make handsome and most acceptable Christmas Gifts. Baskets, Fancy Boxes and many others of this season's novelties in stock. We advise an early call. Don't wait until the day before Xmas—make your purchases earlier in the week, while our store is not overcrowded. Many patrons who wait until the last moment we shall have to disappoint. Come early.

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Fancy Creamery Butter in prints.....	34c. lb.
Chase & Sanborn's Blend Coffee, 22c. lb., 5 lb., \$1.00	
Sunbeam Brand Lemon Cling Peaches (Reg. Price, 35c.)	32c. can
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